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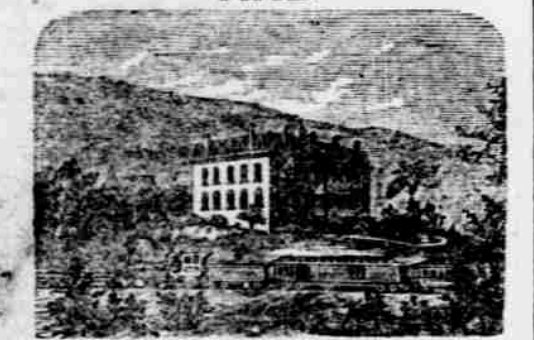
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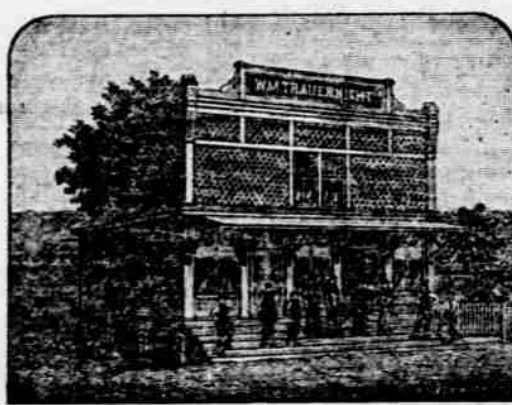
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Some Things I Saw in the City.

Ed. Register—While I sat on the Eads
bridge, and looked at the steam ferry
boats cross and re-cross, it brought
to mind my first crossing on a steam
ferry at that place, with a pair of horses
and buggy. At that time, the river
was just twice as wide as at the pres-
ent time. That point of land on which
rests the Eads bridge, was at that time,
an island in the middle of the Mississip-
pi river. At that time the island was
covered with trees, and was called
Bloody Island. How many duels have
been fought on that island, I do
not know; but a good many have.
In the old, early days, men who thought
good of their standing in society, did
not let an opportunity pass without re-
sisting any slight or insult. Anything
that had a tendency to lower them-
selves in the eyes of the community,
and especially in the eyes of the ladies,
was promptly met with a challenge to
duel. And if the party
challenged, refused to meet, he was
branded as a coward, which meant to
be cut off from all good society. A
coward better be dead and done with
it; for a man was dead politically, mor-
ally and financially: an outcast. But if
he met and killed his man, all of his
sins, of whatsoever kind (in the eyes of
the community) were all forgiven, and
was the hero of the day.

But as I sat and looked, what a
change has taken place in these last
forty-five years. At that time, there
was a little village of about a dozen
houses, called Illinois Town. Just at
the upper end of the island, on the Il-
linois side, the wagon road went on the
bank of the river. On the opposite
side of the road was a very dense growth
of young cottonwood trees; just room
for a road between the grove and the
river bank. The bank was some twenty
feet above the water. At one place the
land had slid in and taken part of the
wagon track. When we came to that
place, I tell you we felt pretty
small. How did we know but the next
minute another slide would take place?
We saw that since the slide a wagon
had passed along, although one of the
wheels had slid down the bank a
few inches as it passed. Well, we
thought if somebody had passed per-
haps we could, but we felt pretty small
and creepy about that time. I don't
believe I would have risked it, only
there was an awfully pretty girl way
up the river I wanted to see pretty bad,
and then you know the old adage: "A
faint heart ne'er won lady fair."

And now when I look over to that
side of the river, what a change I see;
all of that part of the river filled up
and a larger city than St. Louis was at
that day. What a change! What is
that passage where it says, "By faith
thou shalt remove mountains." Well,
Mr. Editor, faith with works has not
only removed mountains, but filled up
rivers and built large cities with the
mountains and over the rivers.

Then as I turned my eyes from the
land and looked along the levee, how
different then the levee was, lined with
great boats from all parts of the country.
At that time you would see, at this
same time of the day, (about four or
five o'clock) such a hurrying and hol-
lowing, such running to fro, drays with
merchandise, hacks and buses loaded
with passengers; men, women and chil-
dren all hurrying to get on board—some
going up the river, some going down.
As you stood and looked you saw boat
after boat, with dense fogs of smoke
passing out of those tall chimneys,
and great bells ringing. How it used
to stir the blood in one's veins, as
each boat crew hauled in her shore
planks to the sound of some old river
song, by their blacks. You almost felt
you were in an enchanted land.

In those days, all of the great boats in
the Southern trade, were manned
with slaves, and how those slaves did
enjoy themselves; the happiest beings
on earth. Sing? they could not shove
a stick of wood in the fire under those
great boilers without singing. What a
sight to see just before sundown, a dozen
or fifteen of those great big boats
back out in mid stream. They always
made me think of some of those lakes
in the heart of Africa. The great
elephants, hippopotamus and rhino-
ceros playing in the depths as they
churned the water with their great side
wheels.

Oh, it was such a grand sight! I
can never, no never, forget those good
old boating days. And oh, how fast
our thoughts fly, and how many things
we had not thought of for years, come
up so fresh and in such rapid succession.
And then such splendid times at supper,
seated at those long tables, loaded with
the best of the world afforded. The din-
ing hall, or rather saloon, all lighted
with the brightest lights, with hun-
dreds of little prisms, filling the whole
space with light. Ladies dressed in the
most costly fabrics, adorned with rich

est diamonds, and all the precious
stones. About eight or nine o'clock,
the band would commence playing,
which was the signal for choosing
partners, and such dancing; dance after
dance, way into the small hours of the
night. Oh, how fast we think all those
scenes over again.

Before I leave the boat scenes, I
must speak of one of those things that
often occurred in those days. One day
in going down the river, we met a boat
hard and fast on a sand bar. As our
boat came alongside, our band played,
"Oh, what can the matter be." The
band on the grounded boat replied,
"A sittin' on a rail." As the band
stopped, the darkey deck hands took up
the refrain, and sang a song as only
darkies can sing:

"A sittin' on dat rail,
And did you neber see a bugger boo
A sittin' on a r-a-i-l."

I tell you it sounded grand. And as
thought passed through my mind all
forgetful of my surroundings, Charley
said, "Well, let's go." At the sound
of his voice, how all of those early
scenes vanished—like the fog before
the morning. When I came to myself
and to the present, and looked around
me, saw most all of those boats and
people, and all of that hurrying and bustle
had gone like the mists. All was quiet
save a half dozen small boats and the
ferry boats.

I find the rail roads have nearly
destroyed the river traffic and river
passenger travel. Too slow for this
hurrying, rushing age. I heard a man
say, "I wish they would find some way
to send passengers through a tube, or
some way of annihilating time." Seal
a man up in a casket and send him
through a tube, while he takes a short
nap! No, sir, I don't care about being
hurried through this world quite so
fast. We will get through quick enough
if we only behave ourselves. Life is
too short as it is, if we do live out our
appointed time, if we improve the tal-
ents God has given us. No, sir, I am
in no hurry; life is very pleasant to me.
We read every few days, of some one
taking his own life. I always thought
that was foolishness. A coward, afraid
to live to face trouble. No, the steep
er the hill, bend down to it and push
the harder; adopt the motto of old
Davy Crockett; "Be sure you are right,
then go ahead." T. P. R.

The Only Remedy.

The Mayor of Pittsburgh has under-
taken to solve the most terrible of so-
cial problems by the simple method of
closing up summarily the disorderly
houses of that town. He makes the
experiment at the demand of ministers
and other citizens that he enforce the
law against such resorts in its extreme
severity, the charge having been made
that by tolerating the evil the Pitts-
burgh police were practically licensing
it.

The same charge is made against the
police of New York. They are accus-
ed of wink at vice. The public,
even, know of its existence, for it can-
not be kept secret. It leaves an in-
delible mark on the faces and manners
of the women who minister to it. Gen-
erally they are easily recognizable in
the streets by all men. They must
have homes from which to hail, and
those places cannot be respectable.
The very admission of such women to
a house gives it the taint of disrepute,
whether the other inmates be orderly
or disorderly. But as it is in New
York, so it is in every great city of
Christendom, except that here vice is
less, proportionately to the popula-
tion, and it is not manifested so openly
as abroad. It has also been here from
the very foundation of the town, and
under every police administration.
The reports of the Police Superintend-
ents of forty and fifty years ago show
that it was tolerated then to an even
greater extent than now, and was far
more offensive in its display. The po-
lice have never attempted to conceal
it. However much they might have
tried, they could not have hidden it.

This police toleration of the vice the
Mayor of Pittsburgh has now stopped
peremptorily. He has ordered every
vicious resort to be closed up. Super-
intendent Byrnes might undoubtedly
do the same in New York. The situa-
tion of such houses is a matter of com-
mon repute, and the police are accus-
tomed to deal with them according to
this general reputation without being
too scrupulous in exacting absolute and
specific evidence of their character.
Every one of them could be shut up
to-night without any stretch of author-
ity which would get the police into
trouble, and all the inmates might be
brought before the Police Justices to-
morrow morning. Why, then, is not
the raid made? The practical results
of the experiment of the Pittsburgh
Mayor explain why. They also show
why just and enlightened public senti-

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because it is the purest.

went would not justify the police in a
proceeding so violent. These places
do not create vice. Vice creates them.
If their wretched inmates are driven out
of the houses in which they now live,
they must find residences elsewhere.
Even if they were all killed or sent to
prison for life, their place would be
supplied by the same infamy of men
which sent them down into degrada-
tion, and the police could no more stop
the source of the new supply than they
could dam up the source of the old.
They can punish the existing feminine
victims, but they cannot whiten the
black hearts of the masculine despoil-
ers which keep up their numbers in a
fixed ratio to the whole population.

The truth is that men are ashamed
to make a woman alone punishable for
an offense of which a man is equally
guilty. It is not fair. It outrages the
sense of justice in men. If society is
determined to cure this terrible dis-
ease, it must cease to discriminate be-
tween men and women after its present
fashion. It must impose the same legal
and social penalties on both the sinning
man and the sinning woman. It must
make the vice equally punishable by
whichever practised. The sense of
justice in men is already put to a pain-
ful strain even by the restraining se-
verity of the police upon these wretched
victims of masculine lust, and if the
treatment of them is made as cruel as
Parkhurst desires, every instinct of
justice and manhood will rise up in in-
dignant revolt.

That is the explanation of the public
consent to the toleration of the social
evil. The police merely represent the
sentiment of the men. The necessity
of providing safeguards for the public
health and public order requires a dis-
crimination against the women which
in itself is a harsh punishment, and the
social ostracism to which they must
submit is a powerful deterrent from
vice that is not applied to their seduc-
ers and associates among men.

Hence this toleration must continue
in the form of secluding the evil so far
as practicable, or it must be replaced
by the direct legal recognition and
licensing of vice as a social necessity
so long as the moral standards of vast
numbers of men remain as they are
now. That is the alternative. Both
courses are shameful enough to men,
but men will not add to their load of
shame the consciousness of committing
the further outrages on the weak and
defenceless which Parkhurst and his
sensational allies would impose on
them.

The only effectual cure for the dis-
ease is to raise the moral standard of
men, and it is a remedy to be applied
by the Church and not by the State.
Make all men good and there will be
no bad women. Even as it is, vice is
rare among women as compared with
men.—N. Y. Sun.

One of The Yellowstone Wonders.

Major Jones, Government engineer
in charge of the improvement of the
Mississippi and tributaries, and in charge
of the roads and waters of the Yellow-
stone Park, is just back from an explor-
ing tour through the Shoshone range
of mountains, which skirts the park on
the east. He was shown by a rancher
a barometer spring, and found it to be
one of the most wonderful freaks of
nature ever discovered. The Major
yesterday gave this account of his trip
and the spring:

"Soda Butte is a mound of travertine
on a small creek in the northeast por-
tion of the park. It was formed by the
deposition of sediment from a calcare-
ous spring similar to those at Mammoth
Springs. The spring is now dead, but
along the creek just below are several
small ones highly charged with gases
and salts of sulphur, soda, etc.
"One of these has developed into a
peculiarity that is decidedly unique.
Passing by it recently in the midst of a
severe storm, I was struck with the
peculiar blackness of the sediment up-
on the bottom of the spring and the
short outlet which leads its waters into
the creek. Just then a rancher came
along, and, seeing me, said:
"See my barometer? That spring is
the finest barometer in the United
States. When it's going to rain, or
raise h—l with the weather, that spring
gives the hull snap away by turnin'
black all over its bottom. Otherwise
its bottom is all the same as the lilies
of the field, mister. The gray of the
mornin' and the roses and plinks of the
evenin' kinder get mixed and mingled
all over it, and she's a daisy then. The
bottom turns whiter than the swan
when its goin' to snow; redder than a
volcano when its goin' to be hot; green-
er than an emerald when a tenderfoot
looks in it."

"I thought he was telling me a fairy
story. A month later found me again
at the spring. The day was semi-clear
but fine. Ominous little clouds were
gathering in the upper sky, and it was
getting to be something of a question
what was coming. Snow in the moun-
tains in November is something serious.
"Going to have a little change in
the weather," suggested I to the ranch-
er, who stood near me.
"Not much pardner: barometer
says no."
"I went to the spring. The blackness
was wholly gone, and in its place was
the pearly gray of the morning, while
in the outlet the gray was softly blend-
ed with delicate hues of pink and car-
mine. It was beautiful to the eye, but
the fumes of hydro-sulphuric acid were
unbearable.
"It is a very curious fact that the
sediment from this spring changes
color with the changes of weather.
"When mother earth wrinkled out
the Rocky Mountains, there was left a
very soft and tender spot in the region
where the Yellowstone Park now lies.
Here her surface crust of rock was
softened from close contact with the
heat which is supposed to hold her in-
terior in a fluid condition, and there
was a raging of volcanoes through
craters and fissures many miles in
length. The face of nature must have
been a lurid show in those days. Great
rivers of melted rock flowed down the
mountain sides, spread over great areas
of valley and plain, and incidentally
piled up the greatest of all the wonders
of the park, the Shoshone Mountains.
This range is mass of peaks, in width
about sixty miles, in length more than
a hundred, which are almost wholly
composed of lava. It lies in appar-
ently horizontal beds cut into mighty
canons by the streams, and peculiarly
weathered into the vertical cliffs which
generally cap the summits of the peaks.
I have measured a thickness of over
5,000 feet of lava among these lofty
peaks, which reach with considerable
uniformity altitudes of 10,000 to 12,000
feet above the level of the sea. The
mountain walls are weathered into pec-
uliar shapes of colossal magnitude,
making the scenery novel and magnifi-
cent.
"The record of the rocks shows no
place in all the earth where so much
volcanic energy has been expended,
and the geysers and springs now in ac-
tion are considered to be part of the dy-
ing throes of the post-up spirit of vol-
canoes."—St. Paul Globe.

Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.